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Bending and Breaking.

BY MADGE MORRIS.

There are trees that bend 'neath the weight of a storm,
Then rise again to the bright blue sky;
And under the weight of crushing storm
There are trees that break, and fall, and die.

Our human hearts are a-like to the waving trees,
One heart, when the tempest sweeps life's plain,
Will moan with the cry of the moaning seas,
Then smile in the sun, and forget its pain.

Then for another, when the tender heart is 'all in all,
And its swayed by the weight of grief,
No more will the joyous sunshine fall
For it will break, and die and sleep.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Los Angeles, Cal.

A City Unknown—Its Beauty Unwritten—Its Glory Unsung—Its Prosperity Unexcelled and Its Possibilities Infinite—It was Located by the Mexicans in 1771, but the Southern Pacific Started it in 1879—Its Promising Greatness is in the Climate, and its Future Prosperity is in its Wide Surrounding Fertile Soil.

We left San Francisco one morning when a heavy, dismal fog rested upon the city, and a cold rain was blown in our faces. The noon hour was so dark that it seemed like the breaking of the dawn. When we reached Modesto the plain was covered with a great sheet of water. At Merced we hoped for mercy, but the rain continued. At Fresno we lay down to sleep, perchance to dream, of a climate fairer than this. The night was dark and cold. The rain beat against the car windows. We shuddered at the sound. All day the rain-storm chased us. All night it drove us on. Near San Fernando the morning sunshine kissed our cheeks, and we awoke. It seemed like a transformation scene of magic. At first we thought we dreamed, but as we looked across the golden stubbled plain we saw horses corraled, we felt the warm sunshine and the moving car, and then we knew we were where all the day seemed like an afternoon in June; and over all the November day was a glow and glory of sunshine such as northland may dream of, but never know. Its climate cannot be described; it must be felt The balmy breeze must be inhaled and exhaled before its charms can be understood. We soon rolled into Los Angeles, which interpreted means "The City of Angeles." It is situated on the banks of a river that draws its crystal waters from the distant snow-capped mountains. Half a mile from the river bank is a bluff rising two hundred feet high and at its base and over the valley the city stands, embowered neath the ever green foliage of the orange, the eucalyptus and the lime trees No poet has sung its beauty, no pencil described its richness and brush imitated its brightness, for the ideal picture on paper or canvas is only an approximate of the real. Much has been written of your beauty but much more remains to be told.

This city of new grown and promise has been shut off from the world. The mountains north of it, the great desert back of it, the foreign, unimproved country south of it, and the ocean in front of it, have formed barriers that only the few have been permitted to cross, previous to the coming in of [illegible] "We [illegible] "The difference between Angeles, with all its possibilities and advantages, has remained silent for more than a century. The States know it not. When an Eastern visitor tells a Los Angelesian that he never heard of the place, it so thoroughly surprises him that he forgets to talk about the beauty and the future of

he southern country, and stares at him in blank amazement. But why should this enthusiast be amazed at the visitor's ignorance, when the northern part of California has but a faint idea of the southern? And so, Angelesian, do not marvel when we say you are unknown.

Los Angeles stands in the center of a great semi-circle. The fertile soil, its wide extent, its great market in the East, and its great ocean to the West, will ever make it a very important distributing point. Its five railroads and the ocean, the great public highway, will always make a ready market for its grain, gold and wine. And now this Southern State, while it is golden in name, will soon be golden in grain, golden in fame and golden in fruit. The orange has flourished for more than a century. The grape is growing enormous profits, and nearly all semi-tropical fruits, are giving the highest satisfaction to the most delicate palate and to the thinest purse. There are untold millions in the soil, and this late discovered fact and the railroad have given to Los Angeles a substantial boom. The capitalists have faith in its future. Money is being utilized; streets are being opened, buildings are being built. The schools are prosperous, Culture reigns. And then they have just erected five electric towers, and this last act makes them an *enlightened* city. Real estate has risen in the last two months over 20 per cent., in the last six months 50 per cent., and in some cases even more. Their prosperity excels that of Chattanooga or Atlanta, and their future looks brighter than Cleveland's. A new and golden era is dawning for Los Angeles.

There are many reasons for its promising future. The railroads have made the place accessible. The people have just discovered the fact that there is as much gold in the soil as in the mountains, and they are turning their attention from the working of mines to the tilling of land. The cultivating of the citrus fruits yield enormous profits. The county contains an area of 800 miles, and a large part of this is excellent fruit and grain land. A ranch near San Fernando produced in one year 190,000 sacks of wheat and barley, wheat sacks weighing 135 lbs., and barley 50 lbs.

To know of the great grain country that surrounds [illegible] you need to spend a few [illegible] lls, where they turn out 300 sacks or 150 barrels of flour per day, or walk through one of the great warehouses filled with grain. Then to raise and market this grain it requires numerous implements, so a number of foundries and factories have sprung up, and are doing already a large business in their line.

The prodigious crops of corn, grain and fruit will make Los Angeles a great center and city. Los Angeles stands eighteen miles from the sea coast and five hundred miles south of San Francisco. It is in the center of the country, called Southern California. The city only contains twenty-five thousand, but it has back of it Arizona, the mining field of the world, to supply. Southern California will some day become an independent State and Los Ange-es will be the capital.

A branch of the State Normal School is located at this place. It stands high and monumental like, overlooking, with a watchful care, the educational inserests of the city and country. Then they have a more desirable institution; one that produces the better men; one that educates the spiritual as well as intellectual capacity of man; one that brings out the full man and the noblest characters in history. The highest type of man is found in the person that ranks highest in spiritual and intellectual worth. The institution that neglects the former fails to bring out the full man. The Udiuersity of South California aims at both. Rev. M. Bovard is the efficient President of this growing and prosperous institution. The common schools are progressing rapidly under the energetic labors of Mr. Hinton. Churches are being built and well attended. The streets are well lighted and kept very clean. You will find a most orderly city at all times—even on election day. There seems to be something in the climate that makes the people mild, courteous and liberal. A large class of wealthy people have settled here for health and comfort. Many remarkable recoverties are told to the visitor. The writer of this sketch gained ten pounds in four weeks, and can well testify to the recuperating power of the climate and its fruits.

One morning I wandered to the top of the hill in front of the Pico House before the sun was there. I was alone and silence reigned supreme. Only a soft zephyr pressed my cheek, like a mother's lips. And, as I stood facing the rising sun, I thought that after all, Los Angeles, with all her wants, was a great city. Great. for its location; great, for its present prosperity; great, for its future; great, for its opportunies; great, for its possibilities; great, for its climate; great, for its beauty; and great, for the fine people that live within its limits. And while my thoughts were running in morning dreams the sun came up, and when it forced its light upon me I asked myself: "Is this prophetical of the silent city before me? Is a new golden light dawning upon her? Is there a long, bright day before her?" I looked down to the left, and I

saw the low, one-story adobes, unchanged through a score of centuries. Around them cling the habits of a climatical people, making them a race like the Indian; one that cannot stand civilization; one that adopts all the white man's vices and few of his virtues; one that will soon be known only in history. As I turned to the right, I saw a different city one with turrets, towers and steeples, one with skill, ingenuity and progress; one of enterprise, energy and pluck. The one, the weak production of monarchical Mexico; the other, the strong exponent of republican freedom. The sun lit up the scene, and I could well unite the green of the orange tree with the gold of its fruit, and the green of the forest with the gold of the sunshine—these two forming the grandest panorama in Nature's mighty book. Who will picture it? Who will word it? And who. once seeing, can ever forget it? As I stood looking upon the fertile valley, I dreamed how it would be in the centuries to come. I saw a thousand marble palaces, coming from the gold of the orange and the wealth of the soil, rising in beautiful contrast above the ever-green orange groves. A great, well built city lay before me, and from the center arose a magnificent building, and it was called the Capital of Southern California. The people were crowding through the large art galleries and museums, and the streets were full of free and happy people, going to and coming from the theaters. The hill on which I stood was taken with beauty, over which the street cars moved with an unseen power. Then, to the left of me, I saw a great, beautiful park, made more so by the romping of happy children and the ringing of their merry laughter. And away to the front of me, on Boyle's Heights, I saw something of which the present management dreams not. And, as my imagination ran in poetry and in prose, I thought this over which I looked. must be the promised land, which I was permitted to see, but never would be permitted to experience. 'Twill be the Canaan land of America, the paradise of earth; the paragon of the globe; the beauty of the world; an approximate of heaven. E. R. W.

Higher Intellectual Living or the Power of Introspection.

BY F. P. D.

An important factor of the great Methodist Church teaches the doctrine of a higher religous life—attainable by zealous and prayerful work and faith. The individual who has reached this exalted eminence lives far above the ills of life. The blasts of adversity affect him not, because the inner strength which he has acquired is sufficient to sustain him.

Now whether this doctrine wouid stand the crucial test of a rigid orthodoxy or not, is not for me to determine; I may safely assert, however, that there is a higher plane of Christian living, judging from the experience of the best men's lives.

While this *may* be true in our spiritual do main, it *is* true in the intellectual. We all know men who are constantly living, in a world of thought, far above that occupied by others. Their thinking is of a superior order. Adversity affects them temporarily, and then they stand as monarchs, enrobed within the power of their own lofty environments.

That occupation of such a vantage ground should be the goal of every scholar. It is certainly attainable. Some reach it early, some later, and some only when the "sunset of life gives them mystical lore;" while others never reach it. If there be degrees in the Eternal Kingdom, such will undoubtedly occupy the first place, as reward for having more nearly attained the end of their being.

The important question forces itself upon every thoughtful mind and is of very serious import to every young person, viz: What will lead me to the most worthy attainments in this life?

A full curriculum of studies may have been mastered, and still the highest work not accomplished. Too often do we hear of the brilliant scholar passing from the notice of his fellowmen. The real power which lay within himself was never developed; his original resources were comparatively untouched, while likely the greatest possibilities were ensconced in his superior intellect.

Wherein, then, is to be found this highest source of strength? It is attained through *self-consciousness*, a necessity to every teacher and scholar, i. e., *the power of introspecteon.* That most suggestive of American writers, Emerson, says: "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages." When the student begins to look within himself for light, he has found the greatest source of power which is within reach of man. Herein may wisdom be said to mount her zenith. "We are all wise," says a great author, "The difference between persons is not in wisdom but in art."

This power of introspection serves as a lantern, whose full light we may turn on the thought and facts that lie already within our minds, bringing them into recognition. The rubbish of our intellect may thus be re-polished

and made to subserve its purpose. The attic of every man's mind is stored with the useful and the good.

Here is a man with vast originality and broad comprehension. We look on him as almost divine. He delights by his great creations, and we say: Whence this power? He is extraordinarily gifted, etc., etc., when the truth is, men in general have the same facts, but have never discovered the tools with which to unearth them.

Such a power should be zealously sought after, as the philosopher's stone by the Alchemists. Great men in all departments of life are those who most nearly attain this natural eminence of intellectual superiority. The Luthers, Platos, and other epoch founders were those who set at nought books and traditions and taught mankind what their own inner lives revealed. They believed that the whole world should think as they thought. This was genius and is genius now. No man need envy another, no man need imitate another. Every man should unearth his own possibilities. This is his strengh. No other man's strength can make me strong. I become powerful by the exercise of my own faculties.

The highest source of education, therefore consists in our ability to penetrate the mysterious caverns of our intellect—to walk within ourselves. Too much reliance is placed on outward forms of knowledge. Books should be read ond the realms of Nature explored, not that we may, become wise out of the knowledge of either man or nature, but that we may appropriate the outward that we may more fully master the inward and be able to call forth its marvelous menstruums.

This power of introspection or self-consciousness make us to become self-reliant—one of the chief forces in the play of our activities. Every individual in order to become something must rely on his own inner resources. It is only from this standpoint that he is enabled to grasp principles and comprehend the universal. The relations of things are here made known to him and a harmony established. He is conconscious that the ground is his own and it is his business to cultivate it. Edmund Burke could say: "Nitor in Adversum," and why? Simply because he could trust himself. Such a one can accept his surroundings; can accommodate himself to the society of his contemporaries, confiding, genius-like, in the absolutely trustworthy as found permeating his whole being.

No man can do his best without the consciousness of a power, within him sufficient to the task. There is a large amount of weakness exhibited in the lives of men, the source of which can almost invariably be traced to a lack of self-consciousness. Failures, discomfitures and vexations, are mostly the result of this weakness.

Thrice is he armed who appears on life's arena thus equipped. The world will recognize his abilities ere his entrance has long been made, and will give place to him. In the contest he is sure to take a leading place and mankind will be better for his having lived.

Reminescences.

IN the early days of the College nearly all the students boarded as well as roomed at the building. "Pap" Simons was steward. At first board was furnished at $1.00 per week to those who did not drink coffee; to those who used that fragrant beverage it was, I believe, 15 cts. additional. Of course, cheap as things were then the price of boarding could not remain at that figure, and so year after year the terms were put up. At the time when the writer's recollections begin, Professors Diehl and Geiger were still unmarried and headed the tables in the old dining-room. There at the same time boarded Morris Officer, then a Tutor in the Preparatory; subsequently also Prof. Isaac Sprecher, who came in 1852, and became Principal of the Preparatory Department. "Pap" Simons was a striking figure, a man originally of iron frame, large, strong of voice, tender-hearted, brotherly. From his broad shoulders ran up the neck of a strong man, arching out into powerful jaws, upward into large cheek-bones, big nose, quick eyes, shaggy brows and a forehead narrow, but of angular conformation, and running up into a mass of hair that had a will of its own. He had striking gestures; not of hands or arms, but of bodily motions and a certain throwing up of the head. He was then a "broken-down preacher." He had preached in Central Pennsylvania, where there are still some who have strong recollections of him to this day. Of quite limited education, but of some uncommon parts, he was a man whose preaching produced great results. He had an overwhelming sense of the Divine Majesty, of the doom hanging over the guilty, of the need of making haste to flee from the wrath to come; and when he lifted himself in the pulpit and had struggled through the preliminaries of his text and had got into the liberty and range of the interior of his subject, his words began to drop like coals and his voice rang like a trum-

pet; then his hearers could not withstand him, strong men shook like aspens and cried aloud for Divine mercy. He had a peculiar gift in the collocation of his words that gave them extraordinary force and made them strike sometimes as if they could be physically felt. When he was steward here he delighted to meet with students from the scenes of his former labors and talk over the meetings in which he had a part. There was not a little in his person and character that made him a source of amusement to the students. He seemed at times to be in need of strong language, for he was capable of great heat of feeling, and I am not sure that in his early life he was not profane; but he had a word, or phrase, that served him upon every occasion; this was, "*Behold you!*" and it dropped from his lips even in the pulpit; it finally took the form "*Byhold you*" in which shape it did service with many of the students. Hearing it not long since, in the way of reminiscence from one of the old Alumni, it brought to my ear the echo of many a voice we shall hear no more. He had a horse that deserves passing notice; when not in use bringing supplies for the table he was pastured in the campus. Though old, he was well kept and spirited. In an evil hour certain of the boys whose chief ideas of college life seemed to be the invention of mischief, seized the old horse one night, muffled his feet and led him up on the fourth floor of the college. There he was found in the morning tied to the door of one of the "lazy" students spoken of in a recent WITTENBERGER that, after going to bed threw his boots at his candle to put it out. But, disturbed towards daylight by the thumping near his door, he turned out of bed, pulled the door open and there, thrust almost against his own face, was the face of a horse in dim outline. He was frightened almost as if he had seen a ghost. As soon as he recovered himself, he dressed and went around to wake up and tell the students. When "Pap," as the steward was affectionately called, learned where his horse was he came up "like a lion from the swellings of Jordan." The old man's wrath was grand, and all felt it would not be well for the culprits to be certainly identified and get into his hands. How to get the horse safely down again was a serious matter. The first flight of stairs was short but, attempting to lead him down, he leaped its whole length and then his blood was up for anything; but some one familiar with the nature of the animal turned him about and, without much difficulty, backed him down the remainder of the way. When the old charger was got down on the first floor "Pap" mounted him inside of the building, and, amid the cheers of students, rode him out, saying his horse had been "through college," something which those "worthless students" would never accomplish. And this was prophecy. There is much matter both profitable and interesting for reminiscence connected with that old dining establishment not only under "Pap" Simons, but under his successors; for the present, however, we turn to other things, stopping only by the way to relate a little matter that occurred between two students who boarded themselves.

A student named S. proposed to D., as they were both taking up time cooking, that he would board the latter at a certain small advance upon what it was costing each of them. The latter consented. After about a week D. who was a large man, an original character, fond of sport, a hard student but of regular daily exercise and robust appetite, concluded, especially as he was somewhat weary of the agreement, to play the joke on his host of *eating him out.* He notified several others, who were to drop in at the proper time. The next morning after his usual early walk D. went with whetted appetite, for his breakfast. S. was prepared with a crock of corn batter, into which he had put all the meal he had, but which he supposed would make cakes enough for himself and his boarder. The morning was cold, the stove was hot and the smoking cakes, already on the griddle, gave out delightful odor to a hungry man. D. began to eat, his appetite apparently increasing until the crock was scraped, the last cake baked, and D., having eaten it, turned round to the perspiring and disgusted S. for more. The situation was too ridiculous for either, and both, with those who had dropped in to see the fun, broke into a roar of laughter. It, however, ended that boarding arrangement. I cannot dismiss these two, however, without saying that they were both strong men who loved their country, their "neighbor" and their God as both of them proved in subsequent perilous ordeals. One of them has gone up higher, though, having before that given proof of a most earnest and faithful ministry; the other still travels on life's dusty road. a thoughtful man, faithful here, delivering his message, confident of the future.

Since beginning the above reminiscences the mail has brought me a letter from Rev. Elias Studebaker, now of Rural Retreat, Virginia, an alumnus of 1854. Like many others who have not been here for many years, his letter is full of nquiries showing the warmth of his interest in the history and prospects of Wittenberg. He also was one whose course through college was not a "primrose way," but a hard road to

travel; nevertheless he kept ruggedly on supporting himself. He was a fine worker in wood, and during one vacation, made the handsome bookcases that are in the Library of the Excelsior Society. In his letter he speaks of Prof. Yonce, who occupies the Chair of Ancient Languages in Roanoke College, Va. Dr. Yonce is an Alumnus of 1852. Of this learned and genial gentleman I am not going to speak now, but his name suggests some things I will yet include in this article. With Prof. Yonce when a student in his last years, roomed Andy G. At the same time Elijah R. was a student and the hero of the adventure about to be related. Elijah was one of the most singular compounds ever found in any individual. He was odd looking, angular; his hair, which was deep red, remaining in whatever pitch he chose to leave it after running his fingers through it. He was so lacking in ability to master his studies that he was advised to go home and turn his mind to something else, but, from year to year, though he had to drop back he would still try it with the next class. He was from Virginia and determined to be Governor of that State some day But he was a person of few words and was much of a riddle to all. He could never learn the conjugations of the Latin verb, yet he persisted in hanging to a class to read, or as he phrased it, "to peruse" Cæsar and Virgil. In Algebra, when given a problem, he would go to the board and stand there, apparently in deep meditation, meanwhile running his fingers through his long, stiff, red hair, and leaving it in such extraordinary plight as sometimes to test the gravity of the class beyond endurance. Then all at once, he would seize the crayon with the phrenzy of a poet, dash a lot of incoherent work on the board, put the sign of equality at the end followed by the answer as given in the book and, with perhaps the suggestion of a smile on his face, would take his seat. When asked for an explanation of his work he would reply that he could not give it, but *there* was the answer. He was full of Southern fire and used to declaim Hayne's reply to Webster. When he rose in the recitation room to declaim he would go to the wall at the far end of the room and, gesturing with alternate arms, would move forward, getting more and more excited, till, when he was concluding, he was right up against you and shouting in your face. But his great desire was to learn Latin, so he got to going in the evening to Yonce and Andy G.'s room for help to "peruse" Virgil. This soon became "monotonous," especially as Elijah did not know when to go home, but would sit in their room till the latest possible hour. This was not any longer to be borne, and Andy set himself to devise a remedy. He ascertained that when Elijah returned to his own room he did not strike a light but, immediately, went to bed in the dark; he also thought of the fact that every student had a bucket in his room. Out of these two facts Andy constructed a situation that resulted in ending Elijah's evening perigrinations, for the remainder of his college life. Revolving these things in his mind:

"*Talia flammato secum * * corde volutans,*" he went to Elijah's room, filled his bucket with water, set a chair on his bed a little back of the middle, put a box on the chair and the bucket of water on top, so as to be about as high as E.'s head, and then, innocently returned to his room and helped Elijah to "peruse" Virgil. Elijah enjoyed the eveinng and tarried late; but,

> "Nae man can tether time or tide,"
> "The hour approaches,"

that he must return to his own room. It is so late that most of the other students are already in bed. Elijah rapidly undresses goes to his bedside, leans on it to leap in, when the bucket of water pitches forward and Niagara falls on his devoted head and rolls down his thinly clad body. One shivering cry and the students rush to his room to learn what has happened. When the lights were brought a scene was presented that might have employed the pencil of Cruikshank or Darley. In due time the effects of the deluge were assuaged and Elijah lay down in healing slumbers; but he never woke to the fact of who "opened the windows of heaven" on him; and the last one he would have suspected was his friend that helped him to "peruse" Virgil. C. L. E.

Long Lessons.

Colleges seem to gauge their rank too much by the quantity of their work regardless of its quality, (which, indeed, is difficult of measure.) Professors feel as if their reputation as teachers depends on the amount of work they can get get out of their students: and the students feel as if their standing depends on the length of the lesson learned by them. Now, if the college were an institution for training body, soul and mind, there would be less harm in long lessons. But the average college, far from being such an ideal institution, ignores the body and soul and one side of the mind. The other side of the mind, it cultivates and informs: but, it often leaves its student no time to supply the deficiencies of its one-sided training, so that it is no

wonder if his body break down, his delicate, artistic faculties droop, or his soul despair.

But the most unpardonable injury done by the long lesson system is that it weakens the body, blunts the sensibility or thwarts the soul, but that it harms that very part of the mind for whose sake it defrauds all the rest of the man, It induces the most destructive of mental habits that of studying at the break-neck speed which expects the recitation bell to ring before the lesson is read over once. The only way to discipline the mind is to study slowly enough to fix each foot firmly in the memory, to connect it with other facts, to ponder it well. Then the lesson of the text-book is not the only thing, the earnest student should learn each day. Every lesson suggests to him many subjects of study outside the regular routine. New beauty and significance would irradiate his Latin and Greek, could he but look into a volume of history or glance down a page of mythology. What cooling springs would gush from the arid desert of mathematics, did he but know that Newton spent ten years in the solution of today's problem or that when Kepler discovered to-morrow's law, he exclaimed that he was thinking the thoughts of God. But he knows that if he even takes time to visit machine shops, quarries or woods, to verify by observation, what he has studied in books, there will be something wrong with his grade at the end of the term. His pride will not allow a student of inferior capacity to come out five per cent. ahead; so he learns the book, exactly, in detail, and—forgets everything in it immediately after examination.

But if the long lesson system is unjust to the student, it is no less unjust to the teacher, for it degrades him to a mere task-master. If the class can scarcely recite their long lesson once, in the short recitation hour, when will the teacher do his best work, the work that makes no display? When can he pause to become acquainted with his pupils? When can he give them hints about the best way to study? When can he set before them the cream of his own reading and research, the newest facts, the latest accepted theories on the subject? He has no time to let his enthusiasm kindle theirs; he has no time to let his experience enlighten their inexperience: he has no time to help them to be gentlemen and scholars. He only has time to make them drudges, to goad them on, and to lay still heavier burdens upon them. He often thinks he has time to tell funny stories which do not bear on the subject of study: but this is a mistake.

There are two remedies for the lesson system. One is to increase the number of years in the college course. The opportunities of college life would not be exhausted in six or even in eight years. The other remedy is to dwell less upon the details of each study, and more upon its general and essential principles. Students often get so bewildered in the endless maze of detail and technicality that they leave a study without any clear idea of its general outline. When these remedies are applied, professors and students will soon become happier and wiser, colleges even if not training schools for Christians, gentlemen and scholars, will certainly no longer be manufacturers of "cramming" machines, and the forbidding maxim, "There is no royal road to learning," will be changed to, "There is no lightning express train to learning."

SCYTHE.

—In the next number we will publish all the names of the students that we hear swearing during the coming month.

—Two Seniors went to Dayton to hear Beecher lecture on "The Measurements of Manhood." The boys failed to measure the time rightly and so engaged board *for a week; or an x time*, for they proposed to hear Beecher if it would take the whole Spring. J. Dee W. and F. M. W. report an excellent time.

—If you travel around the world going East, all agree that the sun will have passed over your head one time less than over your companions' that remained at home; hence you have gained one day. Now, the question that arises, Would your life be prolonged if you would continue to travel around the world?

—Mrs, Langtry has come and gone. She has taken from us and left us nothing. Beauty is oft a fatal dower. When a boasted New York paper writes a long editorial on the beauty of a foot, we think it is getting pretty low down to trump an advertisement to gull the American people. Beauty is no merit. The silly and sentimental Oscar Wilde made a tour of America and gathered up $72,000. How long! Oh, how long! will the people of the United States continue to patronize that which deserves no merit. Let us be more reasonable in the future, and not be gulled by the quackery of the daily press.

The Wittenberger.

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THE WITTENBERGER, Springfield, O.

EDITORIAL.

WE are now approaching the Spring vacation, five issues of THE WITTENBERGER have appeared and gone forth into nearly every State of the Union. A warm and cordial reception has been accorded our little journal by the friends and patrons of our institution. Our readers very well know that we have carefully refrained from making any appeals for money through these columns, and that we have done so in order that your paper should not be rendered a source of displeasure to you by seeing at the head of every column a "*dun.*" And now, our kind friends, since we have exercised this care for your feelings, and studiously avoided to ruffle the serenity of your temper and have allowed your consciences to rest undisturbed, thus far, we beg leave to kindly ask you, in this number, to remember us with your *subscription.* Some few have paid in their subscription already, to such thanks for your promptness and kind feeling toward us. But we only regret that the number has been so small—scarcely enough to pay for a single issue. It takes money to carry on our journal, or rather *your* journal, insignificant as it may seem. Now, we feel confident that our readers do not want us to do all this work, and pay for it, too. You know too well the financial resources of students as a class; and, besides, this is not our journal, but *yours.* You do not want to, nor can you afford to have THE WITTENBERGER die; neither will we allow it to do so. But we must have your substantial assistance by way of your subscriptions. Some are back on their subscriptions *two and three years.* Will you not encourage us in our work, and make our hearts glad, by sending us your subscription before our next issue? And we trust you will not forget us with your contributions to these columns, especially the *personals.* We are ready and anxious to sound your praises and to let your friends know where you are, and what you are doing, and how you are prospering.

THAT "every rose has its thorn," is only too true, and brought out into practical facts of life, it would mean, Every advantage has its disadvantages. So universal is this in the realm of sense that even the Colleges of our land are no exception. Let us take two opposite locations; for instance—the city and the rural town. The enumerated benefits to be derived by the student from a residence in a city amount to these. (1.) He sees enterprise, business, push. (2.) It affords opportunity for hearing the most lectures of the country. (3.) It places him where there is variety of society. (4.) It presents objects of diversion for hours of recreation. The rural town on the contrary is devoid of all these. Business is done on the penny plan. Its lectures are at best of the second or third rate temperance order. Society is meagre and unsophisticated. It affords no diversion from Greek roots and Algebraic imaginaries. From the negative let us go to the affirmative, and morality presents more than mere rusticity. There the student finds simplicity, honesty, work. While the city affords opportunities for diversion of mind, these must be paid for. In the rural district he is, if nothing more, king among mice, and not a mouse among kings. It is galling and lacerating to

an aspiring young man to be looked down upon as of inferior material to the "bon-ton" of the city. Do his utmost in study, in morality, in gentlemanliness, unless he has the Almighty dollar, the upper circles of society are closed against him in the city. Mediocrity is the highest to which he can attain. It is otherwise in the country. "The sturdy farmer and his wife smile at the claims" of all else but goodness. That is their "nobility." With them manliness characterizes the man. And this is after all the healthy atmosphere for the boy. Here he can be assured of not being led into temptation. Here he can breathe air unpolluted by the stench of city iniquities. Here he can grow and expand into a pure manhood untainted by the follies which city life expects in the society man.

ONE cold February evening after having enjoyed a good old-fashion supper, I returned to my room, where, as fortune would have it, I found a very brisk and comfortable fire in the stove. The north wind was whistling at my window and the best thing I could think of was to pull my rocking-chair close to the stove, and before lighting the lamp, I seated myself, in a somewhat comfortable position, by the fire. It was between the hours of six and seven, and silence seemed to reign supreme. Not even the echo of a lonely footstep could be heard through the halls. And the darkness was equally profound. Everything seemed favorable for a half hour's musing over the past; and my mind naturally wandered back to the days of "prepdom" and verdancy. A feeling of loneliness crept over me as I thought of the graceful forms and happy faces that then composed the jolly band of students, not one of whom today greets me at old Wittenberg. One by one they have left their *Alma Mater*, to battle with the stern realities of life. I thought of "Doc.' Schmalzl, of Chas. Schnure and Heilman, of H. Ott and A. C. Miller, of John Zimmerman, who first put it into my heart to join the Philo's. Then I thought of Bilger an antedeluvian fossil from Indiana, who lived on dried apples and hot water. And then I thought of P. Weaver, my first room-mate, who returned from the city one evening with the startling news that he had seen a *live* mummy—presume he had been looking into some spacious mirror! It was always a question in my mind whether he was a relic from some African pyramid, or a survivor of the Stone Age. At any rate he was an anomoly. His most peculiar characteristic was two very soft spots—his head and his heart, and an affection of the latter soon took him away from College. Then I thought of F. Reinoehl who played the violin the first evening I spent in College, while Graf. Kennedy was dancing a gig to the music. Then I thought of Schmalzl's proposed treatise on celibacy, and wondered if it had ever been published. But he got married soon after leaving College and I presume his wife burnt the manuscript. Then I thought of A. C. M. who was robbed one dark evening coming home late from M. street and how the boys used to say that ever after this occurrence, if anybody met A. C. M. after dark and told him to stop, he would throw up his hands and cry, "Don't shoot!" "don't shoot!"

And, finally, my mind reverted to the first College trick in which I was innocently involved. Messrs. Berry, O. and M. were holding the door of the cabinet shut, with all their might, as I came out of my room and passed by them they asked me to help them hold the door closed, which I did, not knowing what room it was nor who were inside, but supposed they were only playing a joke on some fellow student. But it turned out to be the cabinet with Dan. Butler and some four or five ladies inside. But as soon as Dan. discovered that he was imprisoned, he opened one of the windows over the back porch of the building and clambered down the rough columns, leaving on them pieces from his pantaloons and the skin of his hands. With the rage of a wild beast, he came rushing up the stairs and caught us all in the very act. He raised his ponderous fist to strike me to the floor and I let go of the door knob, without any further solicitation, and "skipped" for my room. The rest of the boys followed with "double quick," and the following day we were all summoned before the Sanhedrim

But at this moment my revery over the past was broken in upon by a sudden rap at my door.

IF any one should ask an illiterate person to define the word scholar, he would be very apt to reply that he understood by it, a school boy, a disciple, or a learner. And this definition would be correct, as far as the primary meaning of the word is concerned. But its more comprehensive meaning, and the one more generally intended by the word scholar is that of a man with broad and comprehensive culture, a well rounded literary character. One, not only versed in the knowledge of books and erudition, but who has also in connection with that, an adequate knowledge of human nature and the practical things of life. A man who studies the great books of Nature as well as those of his library; who understands how to deal with both men and things. One who has a knowledge of man both in his general nature and as he appears in society and everyday life; whose mind is open and ready to receive impressions and instruction from any source whatsoever. Such a man truly deserves the name of a *scholar*, providing he has, in addition to these attainments, the ability to express himself in pure and elegant language. This last acquirement I will take the liberty to style the *index* of the finished scholar. The man is very soon read by his speech. It is the criterion of the ignorant no less than the learned. And here, we apprehend, is the short-coming of scores of men whose other attainments would justly entitle them to the name of *finished scholars*. A man may have a strong mind and be a thinker of genuine insight, and yet if he is repeatedly violating some rule of grammar, and his sentences are full of inelegant expressions, he gets little credit for his thoughts and fails of enlisting our sympathy and holding our attention. Ungrammatical sentences will always grate harshly on a cultured ear. While there are a great number who pay no attention to language beyond what is necessary in order to be understood, there is a class who are ashamed of all errors in speech and who always estimate a professional man by the purity and accuracy of his diction. And students, whose aim it should be to cultivate precision and purity of speech and diction, too frequently fail in this very important part of their education. There is a very reasonable excuse for those who have never had the opportunity of making language a study; for they must acquire the pronunciation and use of words by imitation rather than study. But the student in the upper classes may be justly criticised, with the utmost severity, for every inaccuracy. When a man is about to stand forth as a public instructor, a due regard for his prospective auditors and for public education,—to say nothing of his own ambition and hopes of success—ought to induce him to seek after purity of diction and a nice discrimination in the selection and use of words. Without this, his aims, however noble in themselves, may be defeated. It is said of Addison, that prince of English prose writers, that you could never call on him in his study without finding a dictionary by his side. Perfection in this particular is not to be looked for or acquired in a way that a sponge absorbs water, but it comes only through individual application and effort. He who writes the most, during his college course, and with the greatest care, will also write the best. The same holds true in speaking; he who is the most careful, not to say fastidious, in the selection of his words and avoids lengthy circumlocutions, will also be the best converser.

THE convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at Mt. Vernon, O., February 8–11th, was one of interest and profit to all present. It was attended by a large delegation from the various associations of the State, and was especially characterized by the presence of the largest college delegation that ever met in a State Convention. The programme was made attractive by the names of men well known in connection with the history of the Y. M. C. A., and distinguished as men of ability and influence in their spheres of labor. Prominent among these were: Dr. S. W. Munhall, State Secretary Indiana; Judge T.

O. Lowe, Dayton, O.; Rev. Gladden. D. D., Columbus, O.; Rev. C. H. Payne, D. D., President Ohio Wesleyan University; Prof. W. G. Frost, Oberlin, O.; H. F. Williams, State Secretary Ohio, and L. D. Wishard, College Secretary.

Reports brought in by those engaged in the work showed a rapid growing of the association during the past year, and a good work done among the young men of the State. The railroad department has received special attention, and is recognized as accomplishing an end which could be reached by no other present religious organization, viz: the saving of railroad men. The college associations during the year were increased from 9 to 16. With few exceptions the work has prospered.

The power of young men to reach young men is felt more and more by all engaged in Christian work, and the association is no longer looked upon as independent of the church, but as a part of it; "its right arm to do work which the church in itself could not do." Not a part of any particular denomination, "the Young Men's Christian Association is the most effective means of uniting the different churches."

On Thursday evening, Dr. Gladden delivered an interesting address, on "the force by which the Y. M. C. A. work is carried on," in which he gave a noble tribute to the power of the young man.

On Friday, questions concerning the interests of the association were discussed, in which all prominently engaged in the work, participated.

On Friday evening, Dr. Payne spoke to a large and attentive audience on "the importance of a high standard of Christianity in colleges, and how to maintain it." Having just left a work of revival in his own college, which had reached nearly 175 students, he was full of energy and power, which characterized his address throughout. After the address, reports from the college associations were presented, which generally were very encouraging.

On Saturday, the discussion of important and interesting matters relative to the association work was continued.

On Sunday morning a consecration service was held, conducted by State Secretary Williams, which, spiritually considered, was of great benefit to all present. In the afternoon, Dr. Munhall delivered a practical and instructive lecture exclusively to young men, which met with a grand success, opening the eyes of nearly 100 young men to a sense of their spiritual duty. In the evening was held the farewell meeting, which, though sad in its nature, was not the least interesting.

The citizens of Mt. Vernon manifested a high appreciation of the convention by a large attendance at all its meetings. The Presbyterian Church, in which the exercises were held, was filled each night to its utmost capacity.

The delegates all testify to the hospitality of the Mt. Vernon people, and the great pleasure and benefit derived from a presence at the convention; and it is but reasonable to believe that the work of the Y. M. C. A. will be better executed during the coming year from the meeting together of those who have it in charge.

ARE you going to have a sociable over at the College very soon? Did you not have a pleasant time at the last one that was held over there? Did that gentleman who reported to the *Globe* the proceedings of the last meeting of your College Board, mean what he said about a "jollification?" When we are asked such questions as these, and by those who we know would enjoy such an event, we must confess our almost frenzied perplexity at having to answer: "I'm sure I do not know!" "We most assuredly did!" "Well, really it is impossible for me to say just now!" We feel somewhat like the fellow of whom Macaulay says, "He saw no hope of extraction from his embarrassment." The question of having another sociable in the College, is one that has agitated our minds ever since we had such a good time at the last one. We said then that we ought to have another, and we say now, by all means let us have another. We all want it; the Preparatorians are exercised about the affair, the Theological Brethren feel as if they want some innocent excitement of that nature, the men in the

College classes long for another chance; the Professors, we are led to suppose, would enjoy such another party, if we may be allowed to judge from the manner in which they smiled upon the last one, especially—But, who shall start such a proceeding? The report got out a few weeks ago, in some way, no one knows exactly how, that the Professors' wives were talking of getting up a sociable. All who heard it were delighted with the idea. Everybody would help, and with them as an executive committee, nothing would be left undone to make of it a grand success. After the vacation a time could be decided upon, and all, those who are immediately connected with the institution, together with Wittenberg's good friends, would work with a right good will to have a royal time. Let us have a sociable, whoever may be at the head of it.

LOCALS.

—Hurrah!

—For the New

—Wittenberg, all ye

—Students, all ye Alumni,

—All ye people; let loud

—Your voices ring upon the air!

—The autocrat of the table—Prof. T.

—"Be virtuous and you'll be happy."

—All the Theologues have mustaches.

—There is always hope for the hopeful.

—If we are silent, it does not mean consent

—For patent Blubber Whistles, call on Funk.

—"United we stand, divided we fall—Chapel lamps.

—Daisy P. is the bad girl of the "Bad Boy's" Diary.

—J. C. Lower went to Columbus recently to deliver his pictures.

—When were the streets of Jerusalem most slippery? Ask Shuey.

—Dan., open up. Why do you not hear what we say?—*Gabroom girls.*

—Wm. Manss went to Cincinnati a short time ago to see the swelling O!-hi-O!

—Professors and students have been suffering from bad colds for the last month.

—Embryonic Connubial Expretation,—Just out. Address W. G. Smith, city.

—When the New Wittenberg is finished then we'll say, Springfield's Wittenberg.

—Those who are interested in the Y. M. C. A. will find an interesting article in this number.

—The Philos have purchased Darwin's Origin of Species and Anthon's Classical Dictionary.

—C. C. Patterson has been sick so that he was detained from his recitations for several days.

—No created being can fully comprehend itself, therefore, "Know thyself," is an absurd impossibility.

—The Theo. Department has an "Erin Mavourneen, Erin go bragh;" a guileless son of song and wit.

—The Contest of the Literary Societies will be held in the Grand Opera House, Monday eve, March 12th.

—We tell the truth about some, and they stop their paper. We flatter others, and they order extra copies.

—The way of the transgressor is hard, but the student's way to College is not. Oh the mud, the beautiful mud.

—G. F. Gerding is quite sick with pneumonia. The boys very kindly take turns in watching with him at night.

—In the marts of commerce, at the looms of labor and in the professions of life there is a great demand for men.—*Dr. Marlay.*

—One of Mrs. Sanderson's Seniors was carving a turkey when he let the knife slip and sliced his finger—that was carving the goose.

—W—ks to Junior. "Say, was the Cimbra one of the Jeanette's boats?" Junior makes no reply, and would you ask me why?

—Prof. in elocution, speaking to Miss Z., remarked, after some comments: Almost every hour I'm reminded of that book entitled "Bitter Sweet." What did he mean by it? Who will explain?

—A. M. stands for All Most, Forenoon, Master of Arts, and Alice Mower, around whose eyes laughter forever plays.

—What is the difference between an organette and a vocalist? The organette can sing a song backwards, but the vocalist can not.

—The Boarding Clubs are getting along finely. The two dollar club is still surviving, and doubtless will be the most popular of any.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas from Pennsylvania are visiting their son, Prof. N. Wiley Thomas, who instructs from the Chair of Natural Sciences.

—Wittenberg College has friends in Springfield—friends who wish it the highest success with heart and purse—substantial and financial friends.

—Our *fighting editor* is prepared to meet his enemies with a seven-shooter, 32-caliber, a rusty crusade sword, dumb-bells, an old case-knife, and brick-bats.

—Prof., asking for W. G. S.'s excuse for not being at Chapel one morning. S. "Well, Prof., when I can't attend to my spiritual welfare, then I want to die."

—W. H, Burnham, B. B.—Been to Boston.
Green Student, B. C.—Been to College.
Jr. Theologue, B. P.—Been to Penitentiary —to see the convicts.

—There is a doctor in Richmond, Indiana, who gives pills to cure the biting of finger nails. It seems to us, it would be better to give finger nails to cure the biting of pills.

—"Mr. K., how would you correct this sentence? *He has a new suit of clothes.* "Well, . . . I would leave the clothes off." "Do you think that would be right, Mr. K.?

—A. J. Turkle and E. E. Baker will represent the Ohio Beta Chapter of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity at the Tri-ennial Convention, held at Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 21st and 22d.

—M. B. Beatel, a diligent law student in Iowa City. writes, after recovering from serious illness, that he thought himself "called to be a harper before the great white throne."

—We wish every Alumni reader would write us a letter for the March number, i. e. a letter with a dollar in it, "and don't you forget it," as the minister said when he announced his text.

—The young ladies of the English Lutheran Church will give a social at Mrs. Pretzman's house on West High street, Friday evening, 23rd inst. Students are invited to attend.

—The difference between the Republic and the WITTENBERGER. We like the Republic, but the Republic don't like us, at least we judge so from the comments on our last number.

—A certain student remarked as he passed Sheriff Foley's fine residence, "I would rather live in a cottage and work for my board than dwell in that palace and get my bread free."

—Misses Huffman and Zimmerman are deserving of much praise for the interest they take in a suffering student. Mr. Gerding undoubtedly was pleased with their manifest kindness.

—February 1st, 1883.—E. R. W. paid five dollars to drive the first stake for the New Wittenberg. He says he drove it so deep that it will not come out until the new building is completed.

—The students are *all* cordially invited to attend Bible class every Sunday afternoou. Boys and girls, it is *free*. Come, one and all, for your *own* special interest, and for the benefit of others.

—We thought that Miss Huffman had deserted us, as we had not seen her smiling face nor heard her cheering laughter for a long time. But we learned that her absence was on account of sickness.

D. L. Wishard, the general secretary of U. S. for Y. M. C. A., delivered a most exeellent address before the College Y. M. C. A. Mr. Wishard is a man full of truth and knows how to impart it.

—High School, Friday eve, 19th ult. Without ladies they sat down to supper. The waiters were obedient to their calls for a *long* time, and then our friends, Profs. B. S. and T. and Mr. L., "stacked the dishes and really went away."

—One of the students has threatened the WITTENBERGER with a libel suit. Well, Frank, we have been trying to say something for the last six months. Have we succeeded or does your judgment err?

—The *Delaware Transcript* gives in the Feb. number the obituary notice of three students of their Senior Class. This contains an idea. Does Delaware train her students for the cemetery or for the world?

—Miss Kittie Vose has just returned from Westerville, Ohio, where she was visiting her former class-mate, Mrs. Prof. Shuey, *nee* Effie Mitchell. These ladies were both formerly members of the class of '81.

Rev. Fiery preached a sermon on Sunday morning of February 18th, of which a number said, "I would like to read that sermon in print." Bro. Fiery is more popular among the students now, than ever before.

—When visitors rap on the door of Prof. T.'s recitation room he says, "Come." He becomes so wrapped up in the lesson that he thinks himself a student, and by the way he says *come*, it might mean *stay out*.

—Geo. Clark spent three days at College last week. He met us with a smiling face and a hearty shake that reminded us of the days of yore. George has a good constitution, a good digestion and is a most jovial companion.

—S. S. Adams of '83 and E. W. Simon of '84 went as delegates from here to attend the Y. M. C. A. Convention which met at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, February 8th. They represented us well and returned full of enthusiasm and life in the work.

—Some Seniors and a Junior were invited to participate in a sleigh-ride. After going fourteen miles in the country, the weather became so inclement that they stayed until morning and came home on the train. They report *good music*, royal host and big time.

—Remarks upon mustaches: Raising a mustache develops patience.—E. C. J. I turned a new leaf on New Year's day, I'm raising a mustache. My object is to strengthen my eyes.—W. G. S. I want to look more like a man.—W. H. K. My mustache tickels my nose and makes me feel so funny.—S. S. A. I want more capital, boys, and that accounts for my mustache.—S. S. K.

—A poetical Senior soliloquizing: "Which one?"

> Each is as fair as the other,
> And both as my life is dear.

So he tossed up a penny to decide which one he should take to see Langtry in "Rosalind."

—Quite a number of the students were invited to meet the members of the Champion City Bicycle Club, at the house of Miss Fannie Barber; and the ease and grace with which the guests were entertained, shows this lady to be one of our most accomplished acquaintances.

—On general principles S. S. K. and C. L. K. are very good natured, but there are times when they *bile* over in wrath. It is evident that Job's pets still afflict the haman family. C. L. K. nursed one on the right side of his face, and yet he says it was on the *wrong* side. Sammy agrees with him.

—Drake did a little house-cleaning last Saturday, the 17th inst. His father and mother were here helping him. The new carpet and furniture have not only made the room more cosy, but they have made Mr. Drake look much brighter and happier. Let other parents follow their good example.

—Luther Sprecher a most promising young lawyer of Cincinnati, Ohio, and a son of Dr. Sprecher, starts for Colton, Cal., Feb. 26th. Mr. Sprecher goes to California for his health and we hope the balmy breezes of a Southern sun may fully restore him, is the ardent wish of the WITTENBERGER.

—If there is one advantage that the students should be more thankful to Springfield than another, it is for its excellent Public Library. It is carried on in a worthy manner, and under the efficient management of R. C. Woodward and his accommodating attendants. Mr. Woodward was at one time a student at Wittenberg, and one of the founders of the Excelsior Society.

—The Y. M. C. A. has organized a Bible class, which meets every Sunday afternoon at 4 p. m. in the College Chapel. Prof. B. F. Prince, who has kindly consented to take charge of it, will make the study of the Scriptures both interesting and profitable.

—The Junior Philosophians have reorganized their Society. The following officers were elected: President, Frank Heibertshausen; Vice President, Wm. M. Marshall; Secretary, E. E. Otis; Treasurer, O. H. Miller; Critics, Elmer Trager, B. F. Taylor; Chaplain, W. H. Klose; Mon., W. H. Funk.

Miss Z. and Miss L., going down the College Hill after elocution; Miss E. ran ahead, and turning around, began to dance the racket, not heeding the treacherous ice on which she stood, suddenly dropped from under her hat, and thereupon Miss L. seized a sapling and laughed until she shook it.

—Rev. J. J. Purcell and his sociable wife entertained the students of the Theo. Seminary on Friday evening of February 16th. The evening was well spent and much enjoyed by all. Mrs. Purcell highly pleased her company in her manner of rendering, "In the Gloaming," "On the Bridge," and "Over the Garden Wall."

—The article entitled, "Higher Intellectual Living or the Power of Introspection," is written by F. P. Davidson. It contains truths and inferences worthy of careful study of every student and every man who would come out on his own individuality before other men. We place this artiele among the very best of the excellent articles that appear in the WITTENBERGER.

—J. D. W., Springfield, Ohio, sends us a poem beginning, "I have a mouth for kisses, but there is no one to give and take. I have a heart in my bosom, beating for nobody's sake." We pity you, J. D.; but if some Ohio girl would see that poem, she would reply, "I wish that I were near you, you naughty, naughty man, I'd kiss, caress and tease you as only a woman can."—*Golden Era, San Francisco, Cal.*

—The article written by Scythe contains a number of pungent points. It is based upon experience and observation and therefore includes much truth. The college course has been four years, for almost a score of centuries. The studies required of the student of to-day are almost double of those six centuries ago, and we hope to see a practical change in the next forty years at least, in some of our college curricu lums.

—Hon. John L. Ruhl, an old Wittenberger and Springfield boy, did himself credit as a member of the House of Delegates in the West Va. Legislature, during its recent session. When the bill to submit the Prohibitory Amendment to the Constitution to the voters of the State, was before the House, his vote was firmly given in favor of the bill, thus not forgetting the temperance principles of Wittenberg and the city of Springfield.

—We found not long ago, in the room of two Theo's, a pair of lady's rubbers. Now, the question that arises, How did they get away up on the fourth floor to room 65? Now, we have too much faith in their honesty to think they purloined them. We would hardly think that they had been out calling and *could* get in the wrong rubbers. And they are too far away from the "Babbel Rooms" to be trusted with the keeping of such necessaries. The affair is a mystery and we want an explanation, some morning in Chapel or before some competent committee.

—As we stood around the corner trying to get a cinder out of our mind's eye, we heard a Freshman mournfully hum to himself, as he readjusted a piece of court-plaster and poured some fresh arnica on his wounds, something like the following:

"Where in a state of oscul(u)ation
With a girl you do not kneau,
And up the street you see approaching
A club and the said girl's beau,
Then is the time for dis—"

"But did you disappear?" we said, eyeing him rather cautiously. "No," he said, "I made the attempt but he was too Klose to me before I saw him."

On Friday, evening, the 16th inst., Mrs. T. L. Arthur in behalf of her sons, Dan and Ed.,

gave a reception to the members of the Wittenberg Chapter of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. The guests assembled at an early hour and received a hearty welcome. The dulcet strains of Rigio added cheerfulness to the scene. The fair ladies in elegant toilets made the cares and burdens of college life take a speedy flight and give place to the pleasure of the passing hour. The elegant collation spread by the hostess was duly appreciated by those present and all declared the evening one of the happiest of the Winter.

—Some of the pleasant men we know in Springfield. Charley Pierce of great popularity among the students is a very successful business man and has a remarkable history. T. H. Grove is quite a young man and has built up a good trade in this city. He always has for his callers, a pleasant "How you do?" H. Landefeld, the jolly barber, who always twits the boys on the latest. Rouse & Parsons who have always been friends of Wittenberg. Dentist Dosch. Well, Dr., we don't like to have teeth pulled, but if we must we would sooner have you to do it than any other one in the city. The Remsburg Bro.'s are most obliging fellows, and Mr. Kelly the big coal dealer.

—There is a spring in Pennsylvania that sends forth the freshest water one day each week, and there is a certain Theo. by the name of Geo. E. S., who writes poetry once a week. Genius is periodical, and this is his latest effusion:

"The bed of Ryder
Became *treacherously* wider,
And he, like a spider,
Came down on the floor.

Things ended thus,
With considerable fuss
And a great deal of muss,
When Ryder came down on the floor."

—Lee Kyser in *Golden Era*:

Judith, that glove is much too tight.
It presses your hand so pure and white.
If I should press your hand for you
As that kid glove, what would you do?

Why, Bro. K., she would take it away and say you're a married man.

THE PIPE.

Yes, monarch pipe, we love thee well,
In learned doctor's spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap us in delight.

If on my theme I must defend,
There are five reasons why we smoke;
First, good tobacco is a friend,
And our visitors it will choke;
Or at least it should by and by,
Or any other reason why.

Here's to the Prep. who has his joy,
Here's to the Freshman so giddy,
Here's to the Sophomore, extravagant boy,
Here's to the Junior so witty,
So let the toast pass;
Smoke to the last;
I warn't it'll prove an excuse for the class.

The learned Senior calls around,
And spies the monstrous mass;
With wonder he examined it
And says, "What's in the glass."

But this old pipe has been a friend to me,
Through many a stormy gale,
But if the water's left in too long,
It gets so very stale.

MORAL.

Too late we smoked,—forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
Now noiseless falls the smoke of time,
Upon these heads of ours.

—D. V. S. and I. D. S.

PERSONALS.

HAMILTON, O., Jan. 26, 1883.

YE EDITORS OF WITTENBERGER: During the few weeks that we have been enjoying the society of parents and loved ones in the old home, after an absence of five years, it has been our good fortune to meet some old Wittenbergers of the days of our student life, and a word concerning them may be interesting to the "Personals" of the WITTENBERGER.

Before the holidays we had a short visit from our cousin, Press J. Breitenbach, of Bellefontaine, Ohio—step-son of Rev. A. R. Howbert. Press, as we call him, was a student of the days of '66 and '67, if we remember rightly, and a member of Philo. Society. This was before our time, but all students of those days

will, no doubt, be glad to know that Press is still single (at least for a short time yet,) and is in the enjoyment of good health and engaged in the grocery business in Bellefontaine, where he will be glad to see all who remember him of old and who may call to see him.

As we accompanied our cousin Press to the morning train, and while the cars were stopping their usual time, who should jump from the train for a moment and come to us and begin a conversation, but an old student of our Wittenberg days—P. A. Reece, of Cincinnati, Ohio—for the moment he was a stranger, but we soon recognized a familiar face and covered with a heavy beard and had only time to express our surprise and to receive a very cordial invitation to call at his law office on 3rd street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he was off for Dayton on legal business.

Our friend Reece left Wittenberg before graduating and entered Princeton from whose classic halls he has come forth with his diploma. All Wittenbergers who will hunt up Reece will be welcome. We remember he was an Excelsior when a Wittenberger student.

SABBATH, Nov. 26, we spent with our friend and former classmate, Rev. Will H. McMeen, at Millford Center, Union county, Ohio. Will is pastor of the Presbyterian church at that pleasant and quiet village, and is very popular and much beloved by his people, in whose midst he has been laboring for a year.

Having had severe hemorrhages he spent 22 months in Colorado, and returned cured and has had no return of his disease: and is now able to preach again, and is getting along admirably. We were present also at his installation as pastor of the church where he is laboring. After he left Wittenberg he entered Wooster University, graduating with honors, and after spending a year at Union Seminary in New York City he returned to Princeton Seminary where he graduated in Theology.

Our visit to Milford was very pleasant to us, especially so from the fact that we had not met face to face for nearly ten years, and during our short stay we formed some very congenial acquaintances. Many events of by-gone days at Wittenberg were also reached, and as is usual between friends, many questions were asked and answered.

Will is not married, and still remembers many old Wittenbergers. He was a member of the Philo Society while at Wittenberg.

Another old student crossed our path very unexpectedly one morning, and this was Charles Darlington. Esq., of Xenia, Ohio. Personals concerning him appear from time to time, as he a graduate of Wittenberg Class of '69. He was on his way to Eaton, Ohio, on business for the Railroad Company, whose attorney he is at present, if we have been informed correctly. He was looking very well, and inquired of a number of old students, during our short conversation. He has not met very many of the former students since he graduated: and there were some of whom he inquired in particular—Billman and Copeland, Lehman and Wright, and others whose names we have forgotten. If these gentlemen are still in the "land of the living," they will learn that they are not forgotten and they would give much pleasure to their old friends of student days at Wittenberg, if they would tell us something of their doings, etc.

During the holidays as we were on the streets of our native city, whom should we meet but Herman B. Snider, an old student of '69 and '70, now a resident of St. Louis, Mo., and a member of the firm of Snider & Holmes, 214 Chestnut st , St. Louis, Mo.

Louis Snider & Sons are extensive manufacturers of papers. They have a large paper mill in Hamilton, where the family reside, and where the father, Louis Snider, died a few years ago, but since his death the business is carriod on by the sons.

Two of the boys, Louis and Henry, have charge of the large paper store in Cincinnati, Ohio, and were former Wittenberg students, now Herman has charge of the branch paper store in St. Louis. He's at 214 Chestnut st., he will be glad to see all old Wittenbergers who may call. Herman was Bookwalter's chum, as we said when a student, of him (Bookwalter); he inquired in particular, and of Rev. S. S.

Waltz, and Rev. A. J. Kissel, whose address we gave him and they will have a call from Snider before so very long—as he will be traveling their way. Of Mr. Bookwalter, we would all like to hear, as we have lost him since he was a student and his where-abouts we would like to know.

Snider as a student also recalls the names of Perry and Charles Weaver and Charles Hoff, all of Miamisburg, and John Longstreet, etc. If these gentlemen see this notice we would say to them, let us hear from you through the WITTENBERGER; or if anybody knows anything of them we should be pleased to be informed. Also of the Zimmerman boys of Lagonda, and of Leffel, Houseman's chum, etc., etc. Wake up boys. J. W. B.

'61. Rev. J. M. Fiery left the first part of the month for Altoona, Pa.

'69. Rev. J. P. Sanderson, Kalamazoo, Mich., was called, February 1st, to Springfield, O., to attend the funeral of his hrother, Thomas Sanderson.

'75. Prof. G. H. Young of Wittenberg College went to Cincinnati on the 24th of January in the interest of the College

'77. Rev. John H. Prugh called at our sanctum on the 20th inst. He is the same pleasant, jolly fellow that he always was. John is pastor of a large and flourishing congregation in Pittsburg, Pa., where he is doing a good work. He is still fighting the battle single handed but thinks the happy days are coming very soon. Brother Prugh has been pastor of this charge two years; increased the membership from 125 to 250, and liquidated a debt of $15,000. May your good success continue.

'78. Rev. E. M. Hubler, late of Lake Worth, Fla., has accepted a call to the Scalp Level, Pa., charge, and wishes his correspondents to address him at Scalp Level, Cambria co., Pa.—*Lutheran Evangelist.*

'79. M. L. Cromer of Anderson, Ind., is one of the thirty-six members belonging to the College Board. He attended the call meeting of the Board January 31. Lute looks well and happy, for he is now the father of a family.

'79. Miss Alice Geiger is teaching in the Eastern building of this city.

'79. Rev. H. A. Ott of Xenia, O., was at College February 15th. Ham. is the same jovial good fellow as he was in the days that have gone by. In '80 he was one of the successful editors of the WITTENBERGER, and now is the promising pastor of the Xenia charge. He came to us full of sunshine and good reports.

'81. We clip from the Daily Press, published in Santa Barbara, Cal.:—"The Press office has been so fortunate as to secure the editorial assissance of Mr. A. D. Hosterman, an experienced writer and journalist, who will in the future superintend the literary management of this paper. Mr. Hosterman is lately from the East, where his fame as a popular author has beeh established. His 'Life of Garfield,' 'Noble and Heroic Deeds of Men and Women,' and his brilliant magazine contributions, are doubtless familiar to a majority of readers. His services will help much towards rendering the general make up of the Press interesting and attractive."

'82. We are frequently asked if it is the Wittenberg Freddie Gebhart that is creating such a wide, wicked sensation? We will say in justice and honor that our Freddie is not the Langtry Gebhart nor is he any relation.

Will. A. Dinwiddie formerly of '85 has a good position in the office of the East Street Shops.

Rev. J. N. Morris of Lancaster, Ohio, paid Wittenberg a flying visit on the 24th ult. We are glad to meet our pleasant, jovial friend; his face is always full of sunshine as well as his lectures and sermons. Call again Bro. Morris, you will always be welcome at Wittenberg.

Miss Jessie Wells, daughter of Rev. H. Wells of North Manchester, Indiana, and a sister-in-law of Rev. J. J. Purcell, has lately arrived in Springfield. Miss Wells is now attending College and has just been initiated into all the mysteries of the ladies' "Babbel Rooms."

Mrs. Knollenberg *nee* Lillie Sanderson, formerly of this city and a student Wittenberg, but now of Richmond, Indiana, was here to attend th

funeral of her uncle, Thomas Sanderson. Mrs. Knollenberg is happy in her new home and gave us a most glowing account of the beauty of Richmond.

Mr. Burt M. Whiteley is engaged in looking after his father's interests in the Champion Machine Work's, during the latter's sickness. Burt is a good business man and accuracy and dispatch will mark his trust. Sometime since his engagement to a very talented young lady of near Cincinnati, was announced.

We solicit matter for "Personal" columns. We would be pleased to hear of you and how the Wittenbergers fare in the world.

Prof. V. A. Pinkley has just closed his elocutionary work at Wittenberg. Prof. P. has given the highest satisfaction and done an excellent work. He goes about his work with a vim and an understanding that places him in the front rank of his profession. May he come soon again and stay long.

EXCHANGES.

Bacon said, "Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; writing an exact man." Of the truth of which no one doubts, unless he should see the folies of manuscript our Local regularly produces; and then know the *exactness* of the statement why the exchanges were omitted in our last issue. Bacon again says, "O! what a misefable thing it is to be injured by those of whom we cannot complain." If we did not get to send our compliments of the season," last month; your presence was welcomed and many of your columns read with pleasure. We noticed quite a number changed management with the January number, and the new Boards commence their work with the usual diffidence and hope for success.

The *Varsity*, from Toronto, is surely correct in its views when it advocates higher education in Political Economy and Jurisprudence. That Canada is making rapid strides in prosperity and government, as well as our own country, is evident. A training the above mentioned branches would be beneficial in the highest degree to the college student, that he might intelligently lend his influence. The editorials are pointed, condensed and show a clear mind. The "Five O'clock Tea" department is compiled with care; University and College news good. We would like to know how many, with the students' spare time, it takes to edit such a weekly.

The *University Mirror* of Lewisburg, Pa., contains good literary articles. "The use of translations" shows the advantage which every student recognizes, of a "pony" in the learning of a dead language. The article shows that in using a "pony" as well as a lexicon we make use of other men's labors, and that greater results can be obtained the same as by the use of other labor-saving machinery. "The ascent of Mount Washington" is an interesting article and is specifically written. Your editorials are awake to the University interests, and with your neat wood cut headings the inside presents a pleasing appearance. Get a neat cover for your paper and dispense with your first page advertistng. The cut of your President was no doubt an appreciable supplement to your subscribers.

The *Wooster Collegian* made its first visit to our table this month. We are glad to be able to add such a readable journal to our exchange list. The conclusion of "A Search for the Beautiful," is peculiarly written, but contains some original thoughts and rhetorical figures. The writer of "A View from the University," has a vivid imagination, and if we ever have the pleasure of receiving the Rhine or Alps lines from his pen would be favorably received. The Mathematical department is interesting to a certain class perhaps: but why should it receive more attention than Science or Philosophy? The *Collegian* will always be welcome.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* from Nashville, Tenn., presents an elegant appearance with its neat cover and cut of its handsome building on the first page. Its reading matter is good. You want to get other contributions from "G. H. A." Would it not be well to keep your locals and personals separate? We predict from

their first issue, a creditable volume for the present Board of Editors.

The *Hartwick Seminary Monthly* appears in a much enlarged form for the January number. Surely the Editor has the right spirit when he increases the size of his paper enlarges its influence and maintains the old subscription price. The paper is full of interesting church and seminary items. Your Personals and Society Notes are full and good. We wish you success in your enlarged field of labor. The *Lutherville Seminarian* we thought had proposed to discard its exchange department. That department of some papers is conducted like your "Notes and Comments,'" which is a very good and easy way of doing the thing and to which we do not seriously object. But let us have, especially, the *Comments*. Your Literary Department is ably edited, but why put "For Lutherville Seminarian" at the head of each article?

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Tuition and incidental fee	$10.50
Room rent	2.50
Total,	$39.00

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